
T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For OCTOBER, 1762.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, to J. B. Esq.

S HALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
In that Affection firm and true,
Which Gratitude excites to You;
Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle
This meditation of a trifle?

But you, perhaps, will kindly take
The trifle for the Giver's sake,
Who only pays his grateful Mite,
The just acknowledgment of Right,
As to the Landlord duly sent
A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.

Yet Trifles often shew the Man,
More than his settled Life and Plan

VOL. I.

M

These

These are the starts of inclination ;
 Those the mere gloss of EDUCATION,
 Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
 A Blockhead to a man of Learning ;
 And, by the help of form and piace,
 The child of Sin to babe of Grace.
 Not that it alters Nature quite,
 And sets perverted Reason right,
 But, like Hypocrisy, conceals
 The very passions which she feels ;
 And claps a Vizor on the face,
 To hide us from the World's disgrace,
 Which, as the first Appearance strikes,
 Approves of all things, or dislikes.
 Like the fond fool with eager glee,
 Who sold his all, and put to sea,
 Lur'd by the calm, which seem'd to sleep
 On the smooth surface of the Deep ;
 Nor dream't its waves could proudly rise,
 And toss up mountains at the skies.

APPEARANCE is the only thing,
 A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
 Undress them both — You King, suppose
 For once you wear the beggar's cloaths ;
 Cloaths that will take in every air ;
 — Bless me ! they fit you to a hair.
 Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
 The robes his Majesty had on.
 And now, O WORLD, so wond'rous wise,
 Who see with such discerning eyes,
 Put observation to the Stretch,
 Come — which is King, and which is Wretch ?

To cheat *this* World, the hardest task
 Is to be constant to our Mask.
 Externals make direct impressions
 And masks are worn by all Professions.

What

What need to dwell on topics stale?
 Of Parsons drunk with wine or ale?
 Of Lawyers, who, with face of brass,
 For learned Rhetoricians pass?
 Of Scientific Doctors big,
 Hid in the penthouse of their wig?
 Whose conversation hardly goes
 Beyond half words, and hums ! and Oh's !
 Of Scholars, of superior *Taste*,
 Who cork it up for fear of waste,
 Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
 But keep it always for themselves?

Wretches like these, my Soul disdains,
 And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
 Suppose a Neighbour should desire
 To light a candle at your fire,
 Would it deprive your flame of Light,
 Because another profits by't?

But Youth must often pay its court
 To these *great* Scholars, *by report*,
 Who live on hoarded reputation,
 Which dares no risque of Conversation,
 And boast within a store of Knowledge,
 Sufficient, blest us ! for a College,
 But take a prudent care, no doubt,
 That not a grain shall straggle out ;
 And are of Wit too nice and fine,
 To throw their Pearl and gold to *Swine* ;
 And therefore, to prevent deceit,
 Think every Man a *Hog* they meet.

These may perhaps as Scholars shine,
 Who hang *themselves* out for a *Sign*.
 What signifies a Lion's skin,
 If it conceals an Ass within?

If thou'rt a Lion, prithee roar.
 If Afs —— bray once, and stalk no more.
 In Words as well as Looks be wise,
 Silence is Folly in Disguise;
 With so much wisdom bottled up,
 Uncork, and give your friends a sup.

What need your *nothings* thus to save?
 Why place the *Dial* in the *Grave*?
 A fig for Wit and Reputation,
 Which sneaks from all Communication,
 So in a post-bag, cheek by jole,
 Letters will go from pole to pole,
 Which *may* contain a wond'rous deal;
 But then thy travel under seal,
 And though they bear your Wit about,
 Yet who shall ever find it out,
 Till trusty Wax foregoes its use,
 And sets imprison'd meaning loose?

Yet idle Folly often deems
 What Man must be from what He seems;
 As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
 You'd go no farther than the Door.

Mark yon round Parson, fat and fleek,
 Who preaches only once a Week;
 Whom Claret, Sloth, and Ven'ion join
 To make *true orthodox* Divine;
 Whose Holiness receives its beauty
 From Income large, and little Duty;
 Who loves the Pipe, the Glas, the Smock,
 And keeps —— a Curate for his Flock.
 The World, obsequious to his nod,
 Shall hail this oily man of God,
 While the poor priest, with half a score
 Of prattling infants at his Door,

Whose

Whose sober Wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For Man of Wealth, or Man of Wit,
Though learned perhaps and wise as He
Who signs with staring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal Pride,
Lays God and Duty both aside.

“ This Curate, say you, learn'd and wise !
“ Why does not then this Curate rise ?”

This Curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a Curacy)
At no great mart of Letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That Parts, and Books, and Application,
Furnish'd all means of Education ;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below ;
That Learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again ;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
Were *insults* on a Congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard ;
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine ;
That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuse for sinful *Monday* ;
That pious doctrine, pious Life,
Should both make one, as Man and Wife.

Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
So out of all the priestly road,

What

What Man alive can e'er suppose,
 Who marks the way PREFERMENT goes,
 That she should ever find her way
 To this *poor Curate's* house of clay?

Such was the Priest, so strangely wise!
 He could not bow — How should He rise?
 Learned He was, and deeply read;
 — But what of that? — not duly bred.
 For he had suck'd no grammar rules
 From Royal founts, or Public schools,
 Nor gain'd a single Corn of Knowledge
 From that vast Granary — a College.
 A Granary, which food supplies
 To vermin of uncommon Size.

Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
 There is a mighty error here.
 A public school's the place alone,
 Where Talents may be duly known.
 It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
 But then, such Friendships! such connections!
 The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
 And in his Child consider'd Man,
 What is his grand and golden Rule,
 " Make your connections, Child, at School.
 " Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,
 " But follow *closely* your Superiors,
 " On Them your ev'ry Hope depends,
 " Be prudent, Tom, get *useful* Friends;
 " And therefore like a spider wait,
 " And spin your Web about the great.
 " If *my Lord's* Genius wants supplies,
 " Why — You must make his Exercise.
 " Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
 " And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
 " Suppose (such Things may happen once)
 " The Nobles Wits, and You the Dunce,
 " Improve

“ Improve the means of Education,
 “ And learn commodious Adulation.
 “ Your Master scarcely holds it sin,
 “ *He* chucks his *Lordship* on the Chin,
 “ And would not for the World rebuke,
 “ Beyond a pat, the school-boy *Duke*.
 “ The Pastor there of — what’s the Place ?
 “ With smiles eternal in his Face,
 “ With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
 “ That shames the whiteness of his band ;
 “ Whose mincing Dialect abounds
 “ In Hum’s and Hah’s, and half-form’d sounds ;
 “ Whose Elocution, fine and chaste,
 “ Lays his *commains* with Judgment *vaiſt* ;
 “ And lest the Company should hear,
 “ Whispers his Nothings in your Ear,
 “ Think you ’twas Zeal, or Virtue’s Care
 “ That placed the *smirking* Doctor there.
 “ No — ’twas Connections form’d at School
 “ With some rich Wit, or noble Fool,
 “ Obsequious Flattery, and Attendance,
 “ A wilful, useful, base dependance ;
 “ A supple bowing of the Knees
 “ To any *human* God you please.
 (For true good-breeding’s so *polite*,
 ’Twould call the very Devil white)
 “ ’Twas watching others shifting Will,
 “ And veering to and fro with Skill :
 “ These were the means that made him rise,
 “ Mind your *connections*, and be wise.”

Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
 I’ll be a Bishop by and by.

Connections at a public School
 Will often serve a wealthy Fool,
 By lending him a letter’d Knave
 To bring him Credit, or to save ;

And

And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
 By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
 The child that marks this slavish Plan,
 Will make his Fortune when a Man.
 While honest Wit's ingenuous Merit
 Enjoys his pittance, and his Spirit.

The Strength of public Education
 Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION ;
 And Emulation will create
 In narrow minds a jealous state,
 Which stifled for a course of Years,
 From want of Skill or mutual Fears,
 Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
 Which none but rival Wits can feel.
 For when good people Wits commence,
 They lose all other kind of sense ;
 (The maxim makes you smile, I see,
 Retort it when you please on me)
 One writer always hates another,
 As Emperors would kill a brother,
 Or Empress Queen, to rule alone,
 Pluck down a Husband from the throne.

When tir'd of Friendship and alliance,
 Each side springs forward to defiance,
 Inveterate Hate and Resolution,
 Faggot and Fire and Persecution,
 Is all their aim, and all their Cry,
 Though neither side can tell you why.
 To it they run like valiant Men,
 And flash about them with their Pen.

What Inkshed springs from Altercation ?
 What loppings off of Reputation !
 You might as soon hush stormy Weather,
 And bring the North and South together,

As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.

Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though swain look glum, and miss look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium iræ*,
And all the progress purely this——
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an easy mingled strife,
To make the salad up of life.
Love settles best from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.

In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
To find the seat and cushion out?
How disagreeably you sit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
Shall wedge you close, and nail you down.
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.

When tiffs arise, and words of strife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial course
Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,

And ev'ry married man is certain
 T'attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
 Tho' not another word is said,
 When once the couple are in bed:
 There things their proper channel keep,
 (They make it up, and go to sleep)
 These fallings in and fallings out,
 Sometimes with cause, but most without,
 Are but the common modes of strife,
 Which oil the springs of married life,
 Where sameness would create the spleen,
 For ever *stupidly serene*.

Observe yon downy bed—— to make it,
 You toss the feathers up, and shake it.
 So fondness springs from words and scuffling,
 As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.

But authors wranglings will create
 The very quintessence of hate;
 Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
 Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.

—— Oh! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
 That I had never tasted letters,
 Then no Parnassian maggots bred,
 Like fancies in a madman's head,
 No graspings at an idle name,
 No childish hope of future fame,
 No impotence of wit had ta'en
 Possession of my muse-struck brain.

Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
 Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit;
 I had not held a shameful place,
 Nor letters paid me with disgrace.

—— O!

— O ! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unsought, unknown !
Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
Far from the cares of bust'ling life ;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

DEATH. A P O E M,

By the late CHARLES EMILY, Esq.

I.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow,
Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever ; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and COMUS' wild uproar,
From folly's croud, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and lengthening isles,
Lonely to wander ; no unholy guest,
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

II.

Permit me with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence drear
Blameless to wake, and with th' *Orphean* lyre
Fitly attemper'd, sooth the merc'less ear

Of HADES, and stern death, whose iron sway
 Great nature owns through all her wide domain ;
 All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
 Through the green bosom of the spawny main,
 And those that to the streaming æther spread ;
 In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail ;
 And those that creep ; and those that statelier tread,
 That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsed dale ;
 The victims each of ruthless fate must fall ;
 E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all.

III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
 That startle from the sleepful lid of light
 The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
 Of BACCHUS, and loud JOLLITY, affright
 Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
 These many windowed isles her glimmering beam ;
 Know, that or e'er its starr'd career along
 Thrice shall have roll'd her silv'ry-wheeled team,
 Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,
 To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll ;
 E'en now black ATROPOS, with scowling eye,
 Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,
 E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath
 Entwines in adder folds all-unsuspected death.

IV.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
 Some few, some short-liv'd years ; and all is past ;
 A future bard these awful domes may see,
 Muse o'er the present age as I the last ;
 Who mould'ring in the grave, yet once like you
 The various maze of life were seen to tread,
 Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
 As custom urg'd or wilful nature led ;

Mix'd

Mix'd with the various crouds inglorious clay,
 The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie ;
 No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
 No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
 Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
 And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

V.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
 Chissel'd the marble into life, or taught
 From the well-pencill'd portraiture to start
 The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that thought!
 Cold are the fingers that in stone-fixt trance
 The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
 Struck language : dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,
 All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire.
 Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung
 The warrior arm : where sleeps the patriot breast
 Whilom that heav'd impassion'd ! Where the tongue
 That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring crest
 Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew
 Giant oppression, leagued with all her earth-born crew !

VI.

These now are past ; long, long, ye fleeting years
 Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
 Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
 The dawn of that inevitable day,
 When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest friend
 The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
 When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
 His BRITAIN, and bewail one PATRIOT more ;
 For soon must THOU, too soon ! who spread'it abroad
 Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
 Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God
 To scatter blessings over humankind,

Thou

Thou too must fall, O PITT ! to shine no more,
And tread these deathful paths, a FAULKLAND trod before.

VII.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep dis-continuous o'er the æthereal plain ;
Another still upon another crouds,
All hast'ning downward to their native main.
Thus passes o'er thro' varied life's career
Man's fleeting age ; the seasons as they flie
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
The parent ever-honor'd, ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh ;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear ;
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To-day we frolick in the rosy bloom
Of jocund youth — The morrow knells us to the tomb.

VIII.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot,
Shall heaven to me the drear abode assign !
How soon the past irrevocable lot
Of these, that rest beneath me, shall be mine.
Haply when Zephyr to thy native bourn
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd HIBERNIAN wave,
Thy gentle breast, my TAVISTOCK, shall mourn
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
Blithe or of graver brow ; no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
Full-blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

IX.

IX.

Ah dearest youth ! these vows perhaps unheard,
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main ;
 These prayers at friendship's holy shrine preferr'd
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
 Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
 And I survive to 'grave upon thy tomb
 The mournful tribute of memorial verse.——
 That leave to HEAVEN's decision —— Be it thine,
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
 With self-earn'd honors, eager to pursue
 Where glory, with her clear unfully'd rays,
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

X.

'T was she thy God-like RUSSELL's bosom steel'd
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
 The patriot axe of SIDNEY, edg'd with death.
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
 WOLF's gallant virtue flies to worlds a-far,
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
 From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
 'T was she, that on the morn of direful birth,
 Bared thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
 Lamented ARMYTAGE !——the bleeding youth !——
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
 Ye Nereids ; and ye Nymphs of CAMUS hoar,
 Weep—for YE oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

XI.

Better to die with glory, than recline
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
 In MONKISH APATHY and GOWNED EASE.

Better

Better employ'd in honor's bright career
 The least division on the dials round,
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's livelong year,
 Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground;
 Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
 Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
 The fev'rous rage of fierce diseases sore
 Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
 Hang ever thro' the sick circumfluous air,
 All from the drizz'ly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

XII.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,
 A thousand maladies are posted round,
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife
 Unseen, like ambusht Indians, till they wound.
 There the swol'n HYDROPS stands, the watry RHEUM,
 The Northern SCURVY, blotch with lep'rous scale;
 And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
 Of learned sloth, the bookish ASTHMA pale:
 And the shun'd hag unsightly, that ordain'd
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
 Of CORTEZ, with the blood of millions stain'd,
 O'er dog-ey'd LUST the torturing scourge abhorr'd,
 Shakes threat'ning; since the while she wing'd her
 flight
 From AMAZON's broad wave, and ANDES' snow-clad
 height.

XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
 The chatt'ring AGUE chill, the writhing STONE,
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,
 MARASMUS; knotty GOUT; and the dead life
 Of nerveless PALSY; there on purpose fell
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
 Grim SUICIDE, the damned fiend of hell.

There

There too is the stunn'd APOPLEXY pight*,
 The bloated child of gorg'd INTEMPERANCE foul;
 Self-wasting MELANCHOLY, black as night
 Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous howl
 The dog HYDROPHOBY, and near allied
 Scar'd MADNESS, with her moon-struck eye-balls staring
 wide.

XIV.

There, stretch'd ONE huge, beneath the rocky mine, †
 With boiling sulphur fraught, and smould'ring fires;
 He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
 E'er while that stood o'er TAIÖ's hundred spires
 Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking wand,
 Powerful as that the SON of AMRAM bore,
 And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
 He struck the rocking ground, with thund'rous roar
 Yawn'd; here from street to street hurries, and there
 Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours amain,
 Staring DISTRACTION: many a palace fair,
 With millions sinks ingulph't, and pillar'd fane;
 Old OCEAN's farthest waves confest the shock;
 Ev'n ALBION trembl'd conscious on his stedfast rock.

XV.

The meagre FAMINE there, and drunk with blood
 Stern WAR; and the loath'd monster, whom of yore
 The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood
 Engend'ring, to the bright hair'd Phœbus bore,
 Foul PESTILENCE, that on the wide stretch'd wings
 Of commerce speeds from CAIRO's swarthy bay
 His westring flight, and thro' the sick air flings
 Spotted CONTAGION; at his heels DISMAY

* Placed.

† Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon.

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And DESOLATION urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
 Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
 Of PARAN came unwrath'd the MIGHTIEST, shook
 Earth's firm fixt base tott'ring; thro' the black night
 Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heav'ns rent roof abroad
 Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.

XVI.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
 Of roused indignation, shall withstand
 Th' ALMIGHTY, when he meditates to show'r
 The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land!
 Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
 Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now didst gore
 With more than HEBREW rage the innocent side
 Of agonizing mercy, bleeding fore,
 Canst thou confront, with steadfast eye unaw'd,
 The sworded JUDGMENT stalking far and near?
 Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God
 Disclaims thee——guilt is ever quick of fear——
 Loud whirlwinds howl in Zephyr's softest breath;
 And ev'ry glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

XVII.

The good alone are fearless —— they alone
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
 The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
 Thrice happy! who the blameless road along
 Of honest praise hath reach't the vale of death;
 Around him, like ministrant CHERUBS, throng
 His BETTER ACTIONS; to the parting breath
 Singing their blessed requiems: he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breaths out his benizons; then with a smile
 Of soft complacence, lays him down to rest,

Calm

Calm as the slumb'ring infant : from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

XVIII.

Whether some delegated charge below,
Some much-lov'd friend its hov'ring care may claim,
Whether it heavenward soars, again to know
That long forgotten country whence it came;
Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Through speculation's puzz'ling mazes wild,
And all to end at last where it begun.
Fain would we trace with reason's erring clue,
The darksome paths of destiny aright;
In vain ; the task were easier to pursue
The trackless wheelings of th' swallow's flight.
From mortal ken himself the ALMIGHTY shrouds
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

The MILK - MAID.

WHO'E'R for pleasure plans a scheme,
Will find it vanish like a dream,
Affording nothing sound or real,
Where happiness is all ideal;
In grief, or joy, in either state,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the *future* sees,
It cancels all its *present* ease.

Is Pleasure's scheme the point in view ?
How eagerly we all pursue !

Well — Tuesday is th' appointed day ;
How slowly wears the time away !
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

DELIA surveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the skies ;
Wishes no storm may rend the air,
And Tuesday may be dry and fair ;
And I look round, my boys, and pray,
That Tuesday may be holiday.
Things duly settled — what remains ?
Lo ! Tuesday comes — alas ! it rains ;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation ;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence ;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold ;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

“ Please heav'n but to preserve my health,
“ No doubt I shall have store of wealth ;

“ It

" It must of consequence ensue
 " I shall have store of lovers too.
 " Oh ! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
 " With all the pride of female arts.
 " What Suitors then will kneel before me !
 " *Lords, Earls, and Viscounts* shall adore me.
 " When in my gilded coach I ride,
 " *My Lady* at his *Lordship's* side,
 " How will I laugh at all I meet
 " Clatt'ring in pattins down the street !
 " And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
 " Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore ;
 " Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
 " I will not hear the simple youth,
 " But rise indignant from my seat,
 " And spurn the lubber from my feet.

Action, alas ! the speaker's grace,
 Ne'er came in more improper place,
 For in the tossing forth her shoe,
 What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew !
 While down at once, with hideous fall,
 Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all,

Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
 To bring the gay materials home ;
 Imagination forms the dream,
 And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

From the Rev. Mr. HANBURY's *Horse*, to the Rev.
Mr. SCOT.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation*;
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth*.
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy dulness lolls at ease,
And is——as witty as you please.
——“What did his *Lordship* say?——O! fine!
“The very *Thing*! *Bravo*! *Divine*!”
And then 'tis buzz'd from *Route* to *Route*,
While ladies whisper it about,
“Well, I protest, a charming hit!
“His *Lerdship* has a deal of wit.
“How elegant that double sense!
“*Perdigious*! *vaisfly fine*! *Immense*!”
When all my lord has said or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.

Mark the fat *Cit*, whose good round sum,
Amounts at least to half a *Plumb*;
Whose chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither sober folks repair,
To take the *Dust*, which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,

And

And peeping from *his* windows, tells
 To all beholders, where she dwells.
 Yet once a week, this purse-proud cit,
 Shall ape the fallies of a wit,
 And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
 To priestly saint, or city finner,
 Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,
 H'as told a thousand times before ;
 Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
 Talk the game o'er between the deal.

Mark ! how the fools and knaves admire
 And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire :
 While he looks pleas'd at every guest,
 And laughs much louder than the rest ;
 And cackling with incessant grin,
 Triples the *Double* of his chin.

Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill ;
 Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will ;
 While genius holds no estimation,
 From luckless want of *Situation* ;
 And, if through clouded scenes of life,
 He takes dame poverty to wife,
 Howe'er he work and teize his brain,
 His pound of wit scarce weighs a *grain* ;
 While with his *Lordship* it *abounds*,
 And one light grain swells out to *pounds*.

Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,
 This wanton *gallop* of the mind ;
 But, since all things encrease in worth,
 Proportion'd to their rank and birth ;
 Lest you should think the letter base,
 While I supply the poet's place,
 I'll tell you whence and what I am,
 My *Breed*, my *Blood*, my *Sire*, my *Dam*.

My

My Sire was PINDAR's *Eagle*, son
 Of *Pegasus* of HELICON ;
 My Dam, the *Hippogryph*, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
 Both high-bred things of *mettled blood*,
 The best in all APOLLO's stud.

Now CRITICS here would bid me speak
 The OLD horse language, that is *Greek* ;
 For HOMER made us talk, you know,
 Almost three thousand years ago ;
 And men of *Taste* and *Judgment* FINE,
 Allow the passage is *divine*.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
 And of peculiar strength and breed ;
 What leaps they took, how far and wide !
 —They'd take a country at a stride.
 How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
 Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
 Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
 A third, good lord ! would clear the world.

But till some learned wight shall shew
 If *Accents* MUST be used, or no,
 A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
 Of giant and of pigmy size,
 Who waste their time, and fancies vex
 With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
 And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
 As 'twere a matter of salvation ;
 For when your pigmies take the pen
 They fancy they grow up to *Men*,
 And think they keep the world in awe
 By brandishing a very *Straw*.
 Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
 Which they'll be centuries about,

As

As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of *our* days ;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a *trot* in easy rhyme.

Nor let it shock your thought or sight,
That thus a *quadruped* should write ;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me ;
Grown men and *Sparrows* taught to dance,
By monsieur *Passerat* from France ;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare ;
And all are *fashionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.

Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, *Howannywhm* bred
(A word that must be *seen*, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folks feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of steed ;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a poet on my back ?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
Ensur'd protection to the fair.
No — conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slipt no more.
For though I scorn the *Poet's* skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.

Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,
VOL. I. P

As

As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
 If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme ;
 Or, as the word of *sweeter Tune*,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon :
 No wonder poets hardly know
 Or what they do, or where they go.
 Whether they ride or walk the street,
 Their *heads* are always on their *feet* ;
 They now and then may get astride
 Th' *ideal* Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys — round a room,
 As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.

Whether *Acrostics* teize the brain,
 Which goes a hunting words in vain,
 (For words most *capitally* fin,
 Unless their letters right begin.)
 Since how to man or woman's name,
 Could you or I Acrostic frame,
 Or make the *staring* letters join,
 To form the word, that tells us *thine*,
 Unless we'ad *right* initials got,
 S, C, O, T, and so made SCOT ?
 Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle's* brother
 (Both which had DULLNESS for their mother)
 Employ the gentle poet's care,
 To celebrate some town or fair,
 Which all *ad libitum* he flits
 For *you* to pick it up by bits,
 Which bits together plac'd, will frame
 Some city's or some lady's name ;
 As when a worm is cut in twain,
 It joins, and is a worm again ;
 When thoughts *so* weighty, *so* intense,
 Above the reach of common sense,
 Distract and twirl the mind about,
 Which fain would hammer something out ;

A kind

A kind discharge relieves the mind,
 As folks are eas'd by breaking wind ;
 Whatever whims or maggots bred
 Take place of sense in poet's head,
 They fix themselves without controul,
 Where'er it's seat is on the soul.
 Then, like your heathen idols, we
 Have eyes indeed, but cannot see.
 (*We*, for I take the poet's part,
 And for my blood, am *Bard* at heart)
 For in reflexion deep immerst,
 The man muse-bitten and *be-verst*,
 Neglectful of externals all,
 Will run his head against a wall,
 Walk thro' a river as it flows,
 Nor see the bridge before his nose.

Are things like these equestrians fit
 To mount the back of mettled tit ?
 Are — but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
 And I must serve some hackney job ;
 Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Transport the bard to our *Plantation*.

Robert joins compts with *Burnam Black*.
 Your humble servant *Hanbury's* hack.

S I R,

I F the trifling labours of a quondam brother Can-
 tab. will from time to time be of any service to
 you, you will be heartily welcome to make use of
 them ; and if at any time they appear too trifling, or any
 other ways unworthy a place in your collection, you

108 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,
will be equally welcome to throw them behind the fire.
I enclose two little things, for whichever purpose you
think proper.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Oct. 9.

C. J.

STANZAS. TO PATIENCE.

FROM the bright regions of eternal day,
Where, in inspired notes, glad cherubs sing,
In one enraptur'd, never-ceasing lay,
To nature's God, her father, and her king,

Descend meek PATIENCE; heaven's best choicest gift
To Man, whose stubborn, whose ungovern'd will
Can ev'ry blessing, ev'ry joy supplant,
And in their place set ev'ry poignant ill.

O come, surrounded with thy sober train
Of meekness, piety and holy hope;
Bless'd source of peace, bless'd cure for ev'ry pain,
Without whose aid, the proudest spirits droop;

Kindly descend to those, whose humbled mind
Knows no relief, but what from patience springs;
Whose griefs no cure, whose pangs no respite find;
On those descend, "with healing on thy wings."

O hover round the melancholy bed,
Where ling'ring sickness claims thy soft'ring care;
Thy influence rears the drooping sufferer's head,
And gives a ray of merit to his pray'r.

'Tis

'Tis thine to smoothe the rugged hand of pow'r
To cheer the weak, to comfort them that faint ;
From orphan cheeks to wipe the gushing shower,
And steal the anguish from the martyr'd saint.

So potent is thy salutary sway,
That want, oppression, sickness, grief and care,
Strip't of their rigour, pass half-felt away,
Or like the terrors of a dream appear.

'Tis guilt alone appals the human heart,
Prompts the unpitied sigh, the incessant tear,
That in such baleful poison dips the dart ;
A wounded spirit who could ever bear !

O may my soul direct her steps aright
To find the path to man so kindly given,
Thro' pleasures that allure, thro' pains that fright,
By patient steadiness to climb to heaven.

C. J.

SOPHOC. ANTIG. attempted.

CHORUS. ACT III. SCENE III.

I.

LORD of the soul, almighty conqu'ror, hail !
Who in the beamy light'nings of the eye,
Or in the dimple smooth, or sunny vale
Of virgin cheeks enshrin'ft thy glorious deity.

II.

II.

All hail, unconquer'd love ! The boundless main
Bends to thy softer pow'r her hardy sons ;
For thee of lowly cot the rural swain
In solitary groves the jovial gambol shuns.

III.

Thine too, great God, the blissful seats above !
If Heav'n's dread monarch feel th' unerring dart,
How shall frail sons of dust encounter love,
How fly the anxious sweet, or free a wounded heart ?

IV.

By thee in tender ease serenely lull'd,
E'en watchful virtue melts to lazy vice ;
For thee the warrior arms, and fondly bold,
Buys beauty's promis'd joys at life's unvalu'd price.

V.

From thee in winning beauty's golden smiles,
The love-sick hero courts his blest reward,
For thee he scorns stern war's unnumber'd toils,
And glorying in the flame, unsheaths the martial sword.

A. Z.

S I R,

Portsmouth, October 8, 1762.

I Find you have solicited the correspondence of gentlemen of the universities ; and although this is a very singular university, I have made bold to send you a small original, which if you please to insert in your collection, if it deserves a place there, it is at your service.

Written

Written at Sea ; by the Author of the SHIPWRECK.

I.

A Nymph of ev'ry charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all-confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my tremb'ling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

II.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create.
Since all her thoughts by sense refin'd,
Unartful truth expresses,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress.

III.

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Thro' all my veins the sweet excess
In tremb'ling motion thrills.
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy ?
And why the touch where pleasure glows
Shou'd vital peace destroy ?

IV.

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey.

Thus

Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
 Why heaves this broken sigh?
 For then my blood forgets to move,
 I gaze, adore, and die.

V.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
 Which you alone inspire;
 To thee the dying strings complain
 That quiver on my lyre.
 O! give this bleeding bosom ease,
 That knows no joy but thee;
 Teach me thy happy art to please,
 Or deign to love like me.

ROYAL-GEORGE,
 August 2.

W. F.

AN ELEGY.

TO CÆLIA in the COUNTRY.

WHILE nature's charms arise in grand array,
 And vernal beauties deck the smiling year,
 Fair Cælia wisely takes the rural way,
 Where new delights in various dress appear.

In the sweet groves and the delicious vales
 Her richest treasures lib'ral nature hides;
 There the cool riv'lets and the balmy gales,
 And virtue there with solitude resides.

Not there ambition dwells, nor haughty pow'r,
 Nor flatt'ring fortune, treacherously kind,
 True pleasure grows, nor fades the lovely flow'r,
 For virtue cheers the self-possessing mind.

From

From field to field with fresh delight we pass,
 While pure affections raise the sacred flame,
 The wholesome herbage, and the pearly grass,
 Exalt the mind, and tell their MAKER's name.

The rustic here no beauty can discern,
 Without a thought he turns the fertile clod;
 But Oh! would such of pious Cælia learn,
 The rudest peasant were a man of God!

The early lark would join the singing swain!
 With double bliss the thankful plough-boy feast!
 Each heart a victim! every grove a fane!
 Each clod an altar! and each boor a priest!

— Such were the scene, had Cælia drawn the lines,
 For such the course her steady soul maintains,
 Alike at friendship's board her virtue shines,
 And treads alike the solitary plains.

And Cælia's walks an happy 'semblance tell
 Of better realms in nobler worlds above,
 Where kindred-souls in countless myriads dwell,
 Compos'd of peace, of innocence, and love.

O. H.

To the Rev. Mr. HANBURY, of *Church-Langton*,
Leicestershire, on his PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
 And virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
 Thy glorious * plan, on deep foundations laid,
 Which aiding nature, nature's bound to aid,

* See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

The wise man's study, tho' the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.

Though fools deride, for censure's still at hand
To damn the work she cannot understand,
Peruse thy project with an ardour fit ;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from *thy* grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A strip'ling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

L.

Sent to a LADY, with a SEAL.

TH' impression which this seal shall make,
The rougher hand of force may break ;
Or jealous time, with slow delay,
May all its traces wear away ;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind ;
Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
Which CHLOE's thousand charms have made ;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

O.

The

The HARE and PARTRIDGE.

A F A B L E.

TH E sun had now retir'd to rest,
 The *Sportsman's* clam'rous Gun suppress'd,
 A *Partridge*, on an heath alone,
 Sat making melancholy moan.
 Full-oft she heav'd the deep-fetch'd sigh,
 When *Puffs* by chance came limping by,
 And kindly wish'd her to impart
 The grief that wrung her lab'ring heart ;
 Herself, no stranger to distress,
 Wou'd pity, cou'd she not redress ;
 Not she, like many an *human* elf,
 That has no feeling but for *self* ;
 So mean a wretch to reason thus,
 " Thank heav'n ! 'tis not so bad with *Puffs*."

Welcome, dear friend ! the bird replies,
 A friend in need — how rare a prize !
 Thy tender breast, full well I know,
 For ever melts at other's woe,
 And fain would heal thy neighbour's grief,
 But mine superior, mocks relief. —
 Yet at thy instance I will tell
 What sad disaster late befell.
 A tale it is that sure must make
 Any but *human* hearts to ache,
 Much more *thy feeling* sense to yearn,
 And sympathize with kind concern ;
 'This very morn our *covey* lay
 All basking in the sunny ray ;
 I saw them all, transporting sight !
 Full-fledg'd and plump, in happy plight,

'Their number full, tho' quite a score,
 What could a parent wish for more !
 But long before the setting sun,
 They all fell victims to the gun.
 Oh vile *unfeather'd two-legg'd* kind,
 In cruelty alone refin'd !
 Oh ! miserable *feather'd folk*,
 Who groan beneath their iron yoke !
 How long, how long shall the creation
 Be harrafs'd with their usurpation !

She ceast and wept — the friendly hare
 Mingled her unavailing tear,
 Then thus — Thy sorrow must be great,
 For truly piteous is thy fate —
 But strive one moment to suspend
 Thy grief, and listen to thy friend,
 Haply some hint I may suggest
 Will calm the tumult of thy breast.
 But lest you say, we're prone to teach,
 But not to *praefise* what we *preach* ;
Your case is *mine* — the same our woes —
Partridge and *Hare* have common foes.
 Long since, when *Sportsmen* thought it hard
 To be from *Birds* by *Law* debarr'd,
 'Twas then my Mate and young ones fell,
 — *That* mate — *those* young — I lov'd so well.
 Haply I chanc'd to run away,
 And live — to run another day —
 Now what in such a situation
 (You'll ask) cou'd give me consolation ?
 I had no need, thank heav'n ! to fly
 For comfort to *Philosophy*,
 Ranack her moralizing lore,
 And run her *Grief-specificks* o'er ;
 For sample thus — “ What can't be cur'd,”
 The proverb says, “ must be endur'd !” —
 — “ When

— “ When prudence can’t our ills redress,
 “ ’Tis patience only makes them less ;” —
 — “ ’Tis arrant folly to complain
 “ Of what dame nature’s laws ordain” —
 — These *Laws* in *Theory* may please,
 When mind and body are at ease —
 But whether they will *stand the test*,
 — They, who have try’d ’em, know the best.

I us’d not *Apathy* — vile cant !
 Empiric, stoic, human rant !
 An admirable art of healing,
 To take away the *Sense of Feeling* !
 Such med’cine never was design’d
 For creatures of a *social* kind.
 In short — a remedy I found
 From the same hands that gave the wound —
 Behold — the silly human elves
 Making *worse Havock* of themselves ;
 ’Twixt *Man* and *Man* what ranc’rous strife ?
 More ranc’rous still — ’twixt *Man* and *Wife* —
 The ways and means they are pursuing
 To hasten on each other’s ruin
 So num’rous are, that to recite ’em,
 Would lead me on *ad infinitum*.

But should some *Tyrant*, mad or drunk,
 The *Slave* of an inveigling *Punk*,
 Some *Coxcomb*, fond of laurel’d fame,
 Dupe to the whist’ling of a name ;
 Or should *Ambition*, monster fell,
 On earth the delegate of hell,
 ’Twixt nations kindle jealous jar,
 And rouse the furious flames of war,
 See fruitful fields to desarts turn’d ! —
 See glorious cities sack’d and burn’d !
 With human gore see rivers red !
 Plains pil’d with mountains of the dead !

Slaughter

Slaughter and famine hand in hand,
Stalk o'er the desolated land ! ——

—— Cease ! cease ! exclaims th' astonish'd bird,
Thy pupil, friend ! enough has heard
To silence *Sorrow's Discontent*,
And make *Revenge herself* relent,

Come let us seek the wonted plain,
I'll try to peck a little grain.

S. M.

ORIGINAL LETTER of SWIFT's.

S I R,

Feb. 11, 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning, which indeed grew less upon knowing the occasion ; since 'tis what I have heard from more than one in and about L——r, and for the friendship between us, as I suppose your's to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended ; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me, and as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper, and unconfined humour, is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think
of

of marriage, till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years, and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world : how all that suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought, insomuch that these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England, and this is it which a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way, and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and I profess without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence ; but whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch : besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am when I am going to choose for a wife ; and though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleaner carried than this which you think I am a going to *top* upon myself ; and truly if you knew how metaphysical
I am

I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues: for though the people is a lying sort of beast, (and I think in L——r above all parts that I ever was in) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance. — Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying (which I assure you is a great number) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every filk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from listing under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that; besides that, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand, and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to shew how I thank you for your regard of me, and I hope my carriage will be so as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in L——r, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of L——r to be; and so I content myself with retaliation. I hope you will

For OCTOBER, 1762. 121

will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to
your good wife,

I am, good Cousin,

Your very Friend and Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

To the Rev. Mr. John Kendall,
Vicar of Thornton, to be left
at Mr. Birkhead's, over against
the Free-School, in L——r.

To Mrs. C A R T E R.

WHY should I snatch from after-times
This pleasing theme of praise?
Why raise in CARTER's cheeks a blush
By new presented bays?

And shall then modesty, who lends
To genius half her grace,
Far from the nymph she help'd to deck
Each just admirer chase?

To after-times to sound thy name,
Too weak indeed my strain;
Yet far too sensible of worth
My bosom, to refrain.

True —— should all praise who by thy works
Improv'd, enapt have been,
More pens than ever GEORGE address'd,
Would hail thee verse's queen.

VOL. I.

R

Shall

Shall then each Briton o'er thy strains
In *mute* attention stand?

PHOEBUS and LITTLETON forbid
Such satire on our land.

This grateful task has Strephon here,
To you a stranger, chose:
A stranger, whom nor honour'd DEAL,
Nor high PARNASSUS knows,

Who dares, in spite of vulgar rules,
A living genius praise;
Nor for th' unconscious bust reserves
The destin'd wreath of Bays.

To heav'n thou lift'st the captive heart,
While strains impetuous roll.
Each sound an echo to the sense;
Each sentence to the soul.

In thee what manly strength of thought,
With female grace, is found!
How sweet harmonious virtue's notes,
Thus set to music, sound!

Still as I read, my pausing mind
Astonishment affails.
How vast! — Yet, on maturer thoughts,
My admiration fails.

For if to *our* Sex ev'ry muse
Has mighty favours shewn,
What wonder if the virgins smile
More freely on *their own*?

X. Y.

A PA-

A PARODY of the famous EPIGRAM of
POSIDIPPUS.

Πόνη τις βίοτοιο τάμοι τριῶν, &c.

By FRANCIS, Lord VERULAM.

I.

THE world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span ;
In his conception wretched, from the womb,
So to the tomb,
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears ;
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limmes the water, or but writes in dust.

II.

Yet since with sorrow here we live oppress'd,
What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools.
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men.
And where's a city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

III.

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse.
Some would have children, those that have them, none,
Or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thralldome, or a double strife ?

IV.

Our own affections still at home to please,
Is a disease.
To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
Perils and toil,
Wars with ther noise affright us : when they cease,
We're worse in peace.
What then remains ? but that we still should cry,
Not to be born, or being born, to die.

The above poem may perhaps have appeared before, but is, it is apprehended, so scarce, that we could not resist the pleasure of gratifying our correspondent, by laying it before the public.

The LIFE of RICHARD NASH, Esq.

A N author can never chuse a happier subject to exercise his genius upon, than the life of a notorious highwayman, a profess'd gamester, or a celebrated courtesan. The public are always curious to know the minutest actions of these *superior* beings, and are wonderfully improved by the more intimate knowledge of the world, which their philosophical biographers take every opportunity of displaying. The present HISTORIAN seems to have inherited the spirit of his hero, and in his account of that *Arbiter Ineptiarum*, that solemn adjuster of trifles, labours to entertain his readers with much frippery sentiment, and great parade of reflection. " There are few, says this author, who do not prefer a page of *Montaigne*, or *Colley Cibber*, to the

“the memoirs and transactions of Europe.” A bold assertion, and it is to be hoped, for the credit of our historians, not a true one. That such may be this writer’s judgment, almost every page will testify by the close imitation of their foibles. There is an honesty in the vanity of *Montaigne*, that carries a pardon along with it for all his *Egotisms*; but if the life of *Colley Cibber* has its admirers, it is not for the pertness of his reflections, and telling us “what *HE* thought of the “world, and the world of *HIM*,” but for the excellent history of the stage, which is to be met with only in that work. When we are writing *our own* lives, *I*, may with some propriety stand forth

—— “the little Hero of each Tale,”

But in the recital of the actions and adventures of another, the appearance of that *great* Personage (the *first* in the idea of every author) is as impertinent as insignificant. Neither will the introduction of an *Egotism* give an additional force or elegance to trifling observations. It may indeed shew the author’s consequence to himself, but will give him none in the eyes of the judicious reader. Yet so barren of events is the *Life* or *History* (for so it affects to be called) of this *King of Bath*, that if the good-natured editor did not step in upon all occasions, the publick must have been contented with a pamphlet instead of a book. It were indeed no difficult matter to give a summary account of this *great* man’s life from the materials before us, but as it has been done already in the public papers, that labour is happily unnecessary. Our Hero was, it seems, of too volatile a disposition to attach himself thoroughly to any profession. He was a college student, a gay ensign, a Temple beau, and professed gamester, and at length to complete all, *Beau Nash*, master of the ceremonies at *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, and prime minister of folly throughout all her dominions. His actions in this department, with some anecdotes of charity and benevolence,

volence, which do honour to his memory, are the subject of this account.

It would be unfair to make large extracts from this work, and by giving the reader the few stories contained in it, rob the book of its best recommendation. The reader therefore will be contented with one, and that not a long one.

“ At the conclusion of the treaty of peace at *Utrecht*,
 “ colonel *M*—— was one of the thoughtless, agree-
 “ able, gay creatures, that drew the attention of the
 “ company at Bath. He danced and talked with great
 “ vivacity; and when he gamed among the ladies,
 “ he shewed, that his attention was employed rather
 “ upon their hearts than their fortunes. His own for-
 “ tune, however, was a trifle, when compared to the
 “ elegance of his expence; and his imprudence, at last,
 “ was so great, that it obliged him to sell an annuity,
 “ arising from his commission, to keep up his splendor
 “ a little longer.

“ However thoughtless he might be, he had the
 “ happiness of gaining the affections of Miss *L*——,
 “ whose father designed her a very large fortune. This
 “ lady was courted by a nobleman of distinction, but
 “ she refused his addresses, resolving upon gratifying
 “ rather her inclinations than her avarice. The in-
 “ trigue went on successfully between her and the colo-
 “ nel, and they both would certainly have been mar-
 “ ried, and been undone, had not Mr. *Nash* apprized
 “ her father of their intentions. The old gentleman
 “ recalled his daughter from *Bath*, and offered Mr.
 “ *Nash* a very considerable present, for the care he had
 “ taken, which he refused.

“ In the mean time, colonel *M*—— had an intima-
 “ tion how his intrigue came to be discovered; and by
 “ taxing Mr. *Nash*, found that his suspicions were not
 “ without foundation. A challenge was the immediate
 “ consequence, which the king of *Bath*, conscious of
 “ having only done his duty, thought proper to decline.

“ As

“ As none are permitted to wear swords at *Bath*, the
“ colonel found no opportunity of gratifying his re-
“ sentment, and waited with impatience to find Mr.
“ *Nash* in town, to require proper satisfaction.

“ During this interval, however, he found his cre-
“ ditors become too importunate for him to remain
“ longer at *Bath*; and his finances and credit being
“ quite exhausted, he took the desperate resolution of
“ going over to the *Dutch* army in *Flanders*, where he
“ enlisted himself a volunteer. Here he underwent all
“ the fatigues of a private centinel, with the additional
“ misery of receiving no pay, and his friends in *Eng-*
“ *land* gave out, that he was shot at the battle of —.

“ In the mean time, the nobleman pressed his passion
“ with ardour; but during the progress of his amour,
“ the young lady's father died, and left her heiress to a
“ fortune of fifteen hundred a year. She thought her-
“ self now disengaged from her former passion. An
“ absence of two years had, in some measure, abated
“ her love for the colonel; and the assiduity, the merit,
“ and the real regard of the gentleman who still con-
“ tinued to solicit her, were almost too powerful for
“ her constancy. Mr. *Nash*, in the mean time, took
“ every opportunity of enquiring after colonel *M—*,
“ and found that he had for some time been returned
“ to *England*, but changed his name, in order to avoid
“ the fury of his creditors; and that he was entered
“ into a company of strolling players, who were, at
“ that time, exhibiting at *Peterborough*.

“ He now therefore thought he owed the colonel, in
“ justice, an opportunity of promoting his fortune, as
“ he had once deprived him of an occasion of satisfy-
“ ing his love. Our beau therefore invited the lady to
“ be of a party to *Peterborough*, and offered his own
“ equipage, which was then one of the most elegant in
“ *England*, to conduct her there. The proposal being
“ accepted, the lady, the nobleman, and Mr. *Nash*, ar-
“ rived in town just as the players were going to begin.

“ Colonel

“ Colonel *M*——, who used every means of re-
 “ maining *incognito*, and who was too proud to make
 “ his distresses known to any of his former acquaint-
 “ ance, was now degraded into the character of *Tom*
 “ in the *Conscious Lovers*. Miss *L*—— was placed in
 “ the foremost row of the spectators, her lord on one
 “ side, and the impatient *Nash* on the other; when the
 “ unhappy youth appeared in that despicable situation
 “ on the stage. The moment he came on, his former
 “ mistress struck his view, but his amazement was en-
 “ creased, when he saw her fainting away in the arms
 “ of those who sat behind her. He was incapable
 “ of proceeding, and scarce knowing what he did, he
 “ flew and caught her in his arms.

“ Colonel, cried *Nash*, when they were in some
 “ measure recovered, you once thought me your enemy;
 “ because I endeavoured to prevent you both from ruin-
 “ ing each other, you were then wrong, and you have
 “ long had my forgiveness. If you love well enough
 “ now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent, and
 “ d—n him, say I, that attempts to part you. Their
 “ nuptials were solemnized soon after, and affluence
 “ added a zest to all their future enjoyments. Mr.
 “ *Nash* had the thanks of each, and he afterwards
 “ spent several agreeable days in that society, which he
 “ had contributed to render happy.

In order to exalt Mr. *Nash*'s consequence, the editor has introduced also some letters from the *Dutcheſs* of *Marlborough*, written, as letters of such sort generally are, when not intended for publication, with little precision; neither the subject they are written upon, nor the person they are addressed to, being of that importance, as to demand any great attention from the writer, and certainly now totally uninteresting to the public. Mr. *Pope* also must be lugged in to do homage to our *Beau* and become the object of the dull ridicule of the editor. The reader that is at all conversant in Mr. *Pope*'s writings, will easily perceive that the application

to our poet on this occasion, could not have been agreeable to him; nor is it at all amazing that he should decline it.

But of all the curiosities in this work, the letter so strangely attributed to Mr. *Quin*, is the greatest. Bad spellers, it is observable, however unlike they make the words to the manner they ought to be written in, endeavour to bring them as near as possible to the common pronunciation. But this before us seems to be *artificially* ill spelt, and labouring to be wrong. Surely no person can suspect a letter of this kind to be original, from a man, of whom the FIRST PERSONAGES in the kingdom have condescended to become scholars, and learn to deliver themselves with strength and propriety. But the matter, the manner, the spelling, are equally absurd, and the letter carries its own refutation along with it.

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS you have taken upon you a kind of literary jurisdiction, I must beg leave to lay an information before you against the Editor of the *Life of Richard Nash, of Bath, Esq.* — If you will give yourself the trouble of turning to page 161 of this book, you will there find a *supposed* letter from Mr. *Quin*, in which he makes interest to a *supposed* lord, to supersede Mr. *Nash*, as master of the ceremonies at *Bath*. Now, sir, can it possibly be *supposed* by any man of sense or common justice, that *Quin*, who quitted the stage at the height of his reputation, to be free from restraint, should endeavour to supplant poor *Nash* in his most troublesome and ridiculous employment? Or that *He*, who gave such force to *Shakespeare's* wit and humour, and

sets the table on a roar with his own, could be capable of writing such nonsensical stuff as that *supposed* letter contains?—These are the considerations which produced the following Epigram.

E P I G R A M,

To the EDITOR of NASH'S LIFE.

THINK'ST thou that *Quin*, whose parts and wit
Might any station grace,
Could e'er such ribbald stuff have writ,
Or wish'd for *Nash*'s place.

With scorn we read thy senseless trash,
And see thy toothless grin,
For *Quin* no more cou'd sink to *Nash*,
Than thou can'st rise to *Quin*.

The HERMIT. A TALE.

Imitated from LA FONTAINE,

By Mr. CHARLES DENIS.

THE God of Love ne'er plays so sure a game,
As when hypocrisy blows up the flame.
Beneath the sanction of a friar's hood,
Cupid hoards up his choicest store;
All men are flesh and blood.
But monks are something more.
Have you a sister, daughter, wife that's fair?
Remember father *Girard* and *Cadiere*.

So

So much by way of prologue I indite ;
Then read the tale, and judge if I am right.

In prime of years, with pious zeal inspir'd,
Young friar *Lucas* from the world retir'd :
He was so holy, by reputed fame,
That in the calendar a blank was left
To place in letters *red* his fainted name,
Soon as of mortal life bereft.

In quest of alms, had you but seen
His downcast looks, his humble mein,
A body would have thought
He had not e'en the manly grace
To look a female in the face :
But trust to that and you'll be caught.
No *Belmour* wrapt in pious *Spintext*'s cloak,
With so much fire e'er shew'd so little smoke.

Not distant far from this good friar's cell,
A widow and her daughter chanc'd to dwell.

The girl was young and very pretty,
A virgin too — the more the pity,
So thought at least our holy hermit ;
'Tis true, if she remain'd so still,
'Twas more simplicity than by good will ;
She only waited for a permit.

With great good-nature, but with no address,
Knew little of the world, of lovers less ;
In *Adam*'s time a fortune she had been,
When those were wealthiest who had fairest skin.
But things are altered since those happy days,
Beauty's a joke, you must be rich to please,
Then love and *Hymen* joined the honest hands,
The priest and lawyer now must tie the bands.

Good *Lucas* took her case to heart,
'Twas his to act the friendly part ;
But how to bring th' affair about
Not little puzzl'd our DEVOUT.

At length occur'd a lucky thought,
 Which way to get the thing he sought.
Cupid, like *Mars*, tries every wile
 To gain his ends, by force or guile.
 He took th' advantage of a night,
 A night of horror and affright !
 Whilst thunder roar'd, and light'ning flash'd ;
 But lust like love is never dash'd ;
 For thunder, light'ning, wind and rain,
 Far from a curb his purpose to restrain
 Were but accomplices the prize to gain.
 Disguis'd he to their cottage stole,
 And in the thatch contriv'd a hole ;
 Then thro' a horn with noise tremendous,
 As if the time was come to end us,
 He hoarsely founded in their ear
 (Whilst they lay almost dead with fear)
 " Awake, awake, ye sleeping pair !
 " You widow ! and you virgin fair !
 " Listen, O listen to my voice,
 " And you'll have reason to rejoice.
 " Go to my servant *Lucas*' cell,
 " And mind the things which he shall tell.
 " For 'tis wrote down by heaven's decree,
 " The maid must keep him company.
 " And such will be her glorious lot,
 " A POPE shall be by him begot ;
 " A POPE, O wonder ! shall be born,
 " Whose virtues will the world adorn.
 " Haste, widow, to the cell repair,
 " And leave your chosen daughter there.
 " Fear not, set out by break of day ;
 " Be silent, happy, and obey.

The females, trembling in their bed,
 Distinctly heard each word he said.
 Fright and amazement for a while
 Their lips seal'd up ; when free from guile,

The

The simple maid the silence broke,
 And thus in fault'ring accent spoke ;
 Ah, mother ! must I really go
 To friar *Lucas* ! aye or no ?
 Good lack ! what would he have of me ?
 I am not sure fit company

For such a holy man ;
 I shall not have one word to say ;
 Indeed you'd better let me stay,
 And bring him cousin *Nan*,
 She has more wit by half than I.
 The mother smil'd, and made reply,
 As for the lesson he's to preach,
 You'll learn as fast as he can teach,
 As well as *Nan*, or any other.

——If so, then let us haste, dear mother——

Hold, hold, in no such hurry, pray,
 Who knows but 'tis some treach'rous play
 To lead poor innocence astray ;
 For, if I understand aright
 What would be at this nocturn sprite,
 Tho' fair his words, yet foul th' intent,
 And more of devil than of saint.
 Therefore let us, as 'tis but meet,
 Be cautious, careful, and discreet.
 Next day of nothing else they talk'd ;
 Whether it was a ghost that walk'd,
 Or some foul fiend that's on the catch ;
 Howe'er 'twas fit to pray and watch :
 For, if 'twas heaven's gracious will,
 They should have notice of it still.

As soon as dark, to bed they went ;
 But scarce the midnight hour was spent,
 When the same voice aloud roar'd out,
 “ O woman ! woman, once devout,

“ Who

" Who now neglects the voice of heaven,
 " O faithless ! when such hopes are given !
 " Haste with your daughter to the cell ;
 " You die for —— sure, if you rebel."
 Ah, mother ! cry'd the affrighted maid,
 Did you mind what the spirit said ?
 Let's hurry to the holy man,
 Indeed I'll do the best I can.
 I'll run for't till I'm out of breath ;
 So much, alas ! I dread your death.
 By break of day then up they rose,
 The lass put on her Sunday cloaths ;
 Her neat straw-hat, her corset tight,
 Her new shoes black, and stockings white :
 She tript along with grace and ease,
 " The simplest girl is fond to please."

Our hermit spy'd them at a distance,
 Approaching for his kind assistance.
 Intent on nothing but his prayer,
 He scarcely ey'd the bashful fair.
 The mother told what there had brought her,
 Whilst trembling stood her pretty daughter.
 What's this ! he cry'd, you would impart ?
 'Tis all the grand seducer's art.
 Avaunt temptation from my eyes !
 No pope from me shall e'er arise.——
 Why not from you ? Good brother, say,
 ——Never, O never ; fast and pray ;
 Go, go ; return from whence you came,
 In vain you strive my heart t' inflame.
 Then back they disappointed went ;
 Not knowing what the friar meant.
 Alas ! the daughter said, and sigh'd,
 'Tis for our sins we are deny'd.
 Some happier girl will be prefer'd.
 ——Next night the voice again was heard.

" To

" To *Lucas*' cell return once more,
 " I've soften'd his obdurate heart,
 " Receive from his abundant store
 " The blessings which he will impart."
 No longer on this theme to dwell,
 The mother brought her to the cell!
 Where she resign'd the willing lass,
 What happen'd after, we shall pass.
 So far the muse may dare to tell,
 She took her learning vastly well.

Five months with zealous warmth inspir'd,
 The pope-maker was almost tir'd.
 And now the mother took for granted,
 No further pious aids were wanted;
 So went to fetch her daughter home,
 Big with the thoughts of what's to come.
 Thanks for all favours, curtsying low;
 —But pray, your blessing e'er we go.—
 Take it, the holy man reply'd,
 And treasure up these words beside;
 The pregnant burthen of her womb
 Shall wear the *triple crown* of ROME.
 Then O! what honours, pomp and state
 Shall on your family await!
 When she shall prove *Signora Madré*
 To the expected *Santo Padré*!
 All pontiffs, nephews, and cousins,
 With dukes and cardinals by dozens.
 Town, palaces, and country-houses,
 To lodge their mistresses and spouses.
 Then smiling at their great simplicity,
 He pack'd them off with *Benedicite*

Now every day, betimes and late,
 The future POPE is all their prate.
 Mean while the baby things are making,
 And all's prepar'd for th' undertaking,

And

And now arrives the wish'd-for hour,
 For which impatiently they burn'd ;
 When oh ! an incident o'erturn'd,
 Their grandeur and their power.
 Deluding prospect ! flatt'ring hope !
 In vain she practis'd what was taught her !
 Instead of bringing forth a pope,
 Alas ! it prov'd a daughter.

The TWO FRIENDS.

From LA FONTAINE. By the same.

AXIOCUS and *Alcibiades*
 Together held in common
 One bed, one board, one woman.
 Folks were not then so nice as now-a-days,
 A charming girl in time their mistress brought ;
 But which of them the father was unknown ;
 Yet each was proud to be so thought.
 But now that she's a beauty grown,
 And fit for marriage as her mother,
 They neither will the daughter own,
 But fix the child upon each other.
 Nay, fie for shame, my friend, said one
 'Tis incest if you thus go on ;
 The girl is your's, I'll safely swear——
 Not mine, indeed ; I'm not the least a-kin,
 She is your picture to a hair,
 Well, quoth the first, give me the fair,
 I'll run the hazard of the sin.

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES's MAGAZINE.

OLD FRIEND,

AS you have publicly given hints, that you have expectation of some scribble from me, I look upon it as a sort of duty to prove that your expectation is not wholly vain. I have therefore thrown together what follows.

Yours, &c.

B. T.

Vivimus tanquam morituri non simus. SENECA.

“HE has as many lives as a cat,” said a gentleman the other day in company, speaking of his friend, who had run through a perpetual course of riot and debauchery, and had just recovered from a violent fever, occasioned by his intemperance. The thought struck me, that too many, indeed, seem to be as regardless of their present existence, as if they imagined they could die more than once. I pursued the thought still further, and concluded, that the greatest part of mankind, were they even possessed of as many lives (we will say) as a cat, would be indifferent to them all; at least, they would wantonly throw away the eight, however careful and studious some of them might be to preserve the last.

Suppose a man then to have as many lives as a cat: let us see what glorious use he would make of this extraordinary privilege. Must it not be a great incitement to him to hazard them repeatedly upon honourable and virtuous occasions? I grant it; and it must likewise be granted to me, that they would be equally lavished away upon trivial, dishonourable, and wicked occasions.

Alexander, had he had nine times nine lives to lose, would have risked every jot of them, to conquer as

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T

many

many worlds. Let me ask, whether the king of Prussia, or the marquis of Granby, would not as cheerfully run the same hazard? But would ——, and ——, (O that Englishmen could not fill the blank up!) have done the same? Perhaps they might have ventured some portion of their precious lives; perhaps they might have poured out some part of the vapid mixture drop by drop, still careful of the last dregs: they perhaps, like the miser, who plays for gain, might have been tempted to stake a little of their fortune, but could never have been prevailed on, like the bold and generous gamester, to throw for the whole. They, in fine, would scarcely have set (to borrow, an expression of *Shakespeare*) “even one of their nine lives on the hazard of the die.”

On the other side, let us take a view of these brethren of the blade, to whom the one life, which is sparingly bestowed on us mortals, seems scarce worth the having. I suppose it to appear so to them, from their readiness to resign it themselves, or to take it away from others, upon any occasion; or, if you will, (in the *Hibernian* phrase) upon no occasion at all, at all. One instance shall serve for all. Suppose there are eighteen lives between us. I tread upon your toe. Satisfaction is demanded, and is honourably given, by your firing at my brains, which are missed. We have lives enough to spare; and you have a nose left for me to pull: I handle it —— In consequence, I fire at your brains, and can't hit them. What then is to be done? Why nothing is to be done. Only you are to kick me, that's all. I turn about, draw my sword, and, like men of honour, we must each of us lose one of our nine lives, before we part friends. I am, indeed, sensible, that the punctilios of nice honour would induce the professors of it to ask the gentleman-like question, before the engagement, Pray, sir, how many lives have you to lose? and there is no doubt, upon a disparity, but that the
seconds

seconds would take care, the principals should be so far upon an equality, that the longest-to-be liver should be first put to death as often as was necessary, till the combatants were in that respect at par.

It must undoubtedly be allowed me, where the antagonists are equal, or made equal by the foregoing method, that one or other of the parties would nine times kill, or nine times be killed, provided he has reason to cry out with Othello,

“ Though all his hairs were lives,
“ My great revenge has stomach for them all.”

The bravery of a man fighting a duel with himself ; without second or antagonist, vulgarly called self-murder, is frequently manifested even in our present state of existence, where we have but one life to lose. It must therefore be granted, on the supposition of our lives being multiplied to nine, that suicide would become a general fashion amongst us; though, in eight instances out of nine, it would betray a meanness of spirit. We should never be induced to believe a man was tired of himself in real earnest, though he had got rid of himself ever so often, except he fairly sent himself out of the world for the ninth and last time.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a man of quality has had a run of ill luck at the hazard-table, to be sure, he would shoot himself through the head directly. Upon his reviving, he tries his fortune a second time ; and is reduced to the necessity of running himself through the heart. After his recovery, he is obliged repeatedly to make use of the same, or other methods, that the losses of his lives may be even with the losses of his estate. Would not this unbecoming behaviour shew a love for his precious lives, since he would not put an end to all nine of them directly, one after another ?

To prove such behaviour to be quite mean and vulgar, let us farther suppose, that a cobbler jerks his awl up

between the third and fourth rib. (I kill my heroes with the same precision as is used by *Homer*.) A barber takes a clean stroke just under the chin. A taylor "makes his *quietus* with a bare bodkin." I shall have my shoes heel-peiced, my beard shaved, and my doublet mended notwithstanding. The allusion is too obvious about the *end* and the *last* : but I hope to be indulged, on this subject, in considering my taylor, not without propriety, as only the ninth part of a man.

Many, many instances might be thought of to evince, that a man endowed with the lives of a cat, would get quit of the incumbrance of the supernumerary ones as fast as possible. Take a lover for example. Without a metaphor, he would be so much enamoured, as literally to die many times for the same, or some other mistress. We will suppose (what is mere supposition) a constant Enamorato. Upon the least slight or indifference, such as a frown or a box on the ear, my swain hurries away to *Rosamond's* pond. After drowning, he rises up tolerably cooled. On another occasion, he surveys the trees in the dark walk at *Vaux-Hall*, picks out a stout branch, and with the leisure of your true lover's melancholy, unties his garters ; at last he tucks himself up, and dangles till an happy pair comes his way, and he is cut down. The lady, after all this proof of his affection, is still stony-hearted. He dies, and dies on for her ; and having put himself out of eight of his existences, can he be blamed, if he reserves the precious one, still remaining, for a beauty, or a fortune, or a woman of quality, ——— or his maid ?

Suppose again (for there can be no end of such-like suppositions) that I am an author, my works indeed, & flatter myself, will live after me ; but, though I had all the lives of a cat, through each of them I might lead the life of a dog. My garret (we will say) has inspired me to soar so high as to attempt a sublime Ode, or Epic Poem. I am let down by its want of sale. The beam
across

across my chamber is very inviting; and at least the bed-cords are remaining. I am afterwards lowered to humble prose. My publisher will not afford me even small-beer; and I chuse to have my fill of water, by a plunge into the river *Thames*. After sinking and soaring (we will suppose) for eight times alternately, I at last sit down contented in a jail, to supply copy, scrap by scrap, as the printer's little imp calls for it: since, as the proverb has it, "he must needs go, whom the Devil drives."

I shall say very little of the bold methods, which Bucks and Bloods would take delight in, to shorten their lives, were they ever so many: for these are obvious, and continually practised, even in the present narrow space of their existence. How often would a choice spirit (for example) be literally dead drunk? Would he scruple to lay his lives down, one after the other, under the table, as long as he could be certain he should rise up, and stand upon his legs again? The debauchee of every character, would doubtless be as hasty to get rid of his load of lives, as he is at present neglectful in preserving his single one.

Upon this principle, of each individual enjoying a multiplicity of lives, let us further consider, how a nation, or society, or community of them might exist. It may, I know, be urged, that *F——g* himself, and all the fitting *a——n* put together, would not be sufficient to support the police. A man, you will say, would risk being hanged, eight different times, for eight different capital offences, resolving to be very honest afterwards for the remainder of his lives. Granted. But, in such a case, it is most probable, the wisdom of the legislature would direct, that a convict should be sentenced "to be hanged like a cat, "till he were dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, "dead, dead, dead."

I went

I went to bed, after having written thus far, reflecting, that no man should be entitled to a second existence (I mean, in our mortal state) without having made a proper use of his first. This reflection was so strongly impressed upon my mind, that I am able to employ the succeeding morning in setting down the particulars of a dream occasioned by it.

“ I imagined, that every one was indulged with a
 “ privilege after death of having his existence re-
 “ newed ; but with this restriction, that he could prove
 “ he had not forfeited his former life by not setting a
 “ proper value on it. I accordingly conceived myself
 “ in a sort of court of claims ; where a number of us
 “ were brought by death, in order to be examined
 “ about our pretensions to be revived. The sight of
 “ the crowd struck me with horror. Some appeared to
 “ be covered with blains and blotches ; some quite
 “ emaciated ; and some with bloated carcasses. One
 “ bore the marks of a tight knot under the left
 “ ear ; another had his skull shattered to pieces ; and
 “ another had a great gash in his side. *Milton's* de-
 “ scription of a lazar-house, falls far short of what I
 “ then thought I saw.

“ Truth and justice were the examiners : and the
 “ candidates for a new life underwent a strict scrutiny.
 “ The first, that I observed was called before them,
 “ stepped up with a bold air, and claimed a new ex-
 “ istence, on account of his having died for his country.
 “ The plea was not approved of : for a common
 “ soldier, who had fallen in the same battle, deposed,
 “ that he himself shot him in an engagement, where
 “ the enemy was inferior, at the instant that this
 “ commander had ordered a retreat. The soldier was
 “ directly reinstated into life.

“ A jolly personage was next examined ; and he
 “ pretended, that he was accidentally choked by a
 “ turtle-fin : though the news-papers had falsely attri-
 “ buted

“buted his death to an apoplectic fit. It being proved
“upon him, that he had dined the day before, and eat
“heartily, upon turbot and venison, and that he had
“drank plentifully of old hock and claret, the court
“decreed, that he died of a surfeit, and refused to in-
“dulge him in any more good living.

“A mere skeleton crawled up next, and declared,
“that he only wished to be made alive again for the
“service of the fair sex. From his examination it was
“manifest, that he had spent his life in and about
“*Covent-Garden*. He was adjudged, upon his own
“plea, unfit to exist again.

“The next was an old decrepit figure, seemingly
“worn down with age and cares. His suit for the
“renewal of his life was, in compassion to him, re-
“jected; because it plainly appeared, that he had al-
“ready dragged out a most miserable one, and had
“actually died of want in the midst of abundance.
“His son put in a petition for re-existence at the same
“time; setting forth, that he was reduced, by the
“mean spirit of his father, to die an untimely death at
“*Tyburn*. The compassion of the court, in not suf-
“fering him to live again, was also extended to the
“young gentleman, on account of his tender years;
“there being little doubt, but that he would come to
“the same untimely end, let his lives be renewed ever
“so often.

“A blunt fellow, not less than six feet high, next
“insisted upon being restored to life. Another, of the
“same make, and for the same reason, insisted upon
“the like. They had each of them, in the honourable
“way, put each other to death. It was determined,
“upon hearing both parties seperately, that neither of
“them should run the risk of being put to death again,
“as neither of them would allow, that the other de-
“served to live.

An

“ An horrid spectacle next presented itself. He most
 “ earnestly requested to enjoy again that being, which
 “ he confessed he had rashly and desperately got rid of.
 “ His request was not granted ; because it was certain,
 “ that the same would be repeated, upon the slightest
 “ occasion.

“ I observed, in imagination, even some ladies of
 “ quality, who wished to have their beauty renewed
 “ together with their lives. Most of them had died of
 “ public places, where they went for the recovery of
 “ their health.

My dream was put an end to all of a sudden, by being
 myself summoned up, to give a reason, why I should be
 glad to exist again. I pleaded guilty ; and I awaked,
 upon sentence being pronounced, that I should starve
 again, as an author.

A D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

An A C T O R and a C R I T I C,

By way of PROLOGUE to the *English* Opera, call'd the
 T E M P E S T.

Which was Spoken, but never Printed.

HEARTLY, the Actor ;	Mr. HAVARD.
WORMWOOD, the Critic ;	Mr. YATES.

WORMWOOD and HEARTLY.

Worm. **I** Say it is a shame, Mr. Heartly—and I
 am amaz'd that you let your good-nature
 talk thus, against the conviction of your understanding.

Heart. You won't let me talk, Sir—if you would
 but have patience, and hear reason a little——

Worm. I wish I could, Sir—but you put me out of
 all

all patience, by having no reason to give me—I say that this frittering and sol fa-ing our best poets, is a damn'd thing — I have yet heard no reason to justify it, and I have no patience when I think of it.

Heart. I see you have not——

Worm. What! are we to be *quiver'd* and *quaver'd* out of our senses?—Give me *Shakespear*, in all his force, vigour, and spirit!—what! wou'd you make an eunuch of him? No, *Shakesporelli's* for my money.——

Heart. Nay but, dear Sir, hear me in my turn; or the Truth, for which we *are*, or ought to be, so warmly fighting, will *slip thro' our fingers*.

Worm. Will you hold it when you have it?—I say, Mr. Heartly, while you let your good-nature——

Heart. And I say, Mr. Wormwood, while you are to be influenc'd and blown up by paragraphs in newspapers, and insinuations in coffee-houses, we can never come to a fair debate—They who write upon all subjects, without understanding any, or will talk about music, without ears or taste for it, are but very indifferent judges in our dispute.

Worm. Well, come on, Mr. *Sol-fa*, then—Let you and I fight it out—or, to speak in the musical phrase, let us have a *Duette* together; I'll clear up my pipes, and have at you——Hem, hem——

Heart. With all my heart, tho' I'm afraid you'll make it a *Solo*, for you have not yet suffered the second part to come in.

Worm. Ho! play away, Sir——I'll be dumb. ——

Heart. Let us calmly consider this complaint of your's——If it is well founded, I will submit with pleasure——If not — you will.

Worm. Not submit with pleasure, I assure you——I never do——

Heart. You will at least have this satisfaction, that the sentence which will be given, whether *for* or *against* you, will be as indisputable, as it will be just.

Worm. I don't know what you mean—Nothing's indisputable, that I please to contradict, and nothing's just, that I please to call in question.

Heart. Look round *upon* the court, and if you can reasonably except against any one of the jury, I will give up the cause before trial.

Worm. O, ho! what you are bribing the court before-hand, with your flattery, are you?

Heart. There you are out again—our countrymen in a body, are no more to be *flatter'd*, than *bully'd*, which I hope their enemies (who can do both) will be convinc'd of before they have done with them——But I wander from the question—To the point, sir—what are your objections to this night's entertainment?

Worm. I hate an *Opera*.

Heart. I dislike tye-wigs; but should I throw your's into the fire, because I chuse to wear a bag?

Worm. Woe be to your bag if you did.

Heart. You hate music, perhaps?

Worm. Damnably, and dancing too.

Heart. But why, pray?

Worm. They pervert nature——Legs are made for walking, tongues for speaking; and therefore capering and quavering are unnatural and abominable.

Heart. You like Shakespear?

Worm. Like him! adore him! worship him! There's no capering and quavering in his works——

Heart. Have a care.

“ The man that has not music in himself,

“ Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

“ Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;

“ The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

“ And his affections dark as Erebus:

“ Let no such man be trusted.

Worm. Fit for treason!—dull as night!—not to be trusted!—so you have proved me both a blockhead and a rebel—Don't provoke me, Mr. Heartly, Shakespear

never

never wrote such stuff as that, 'tis foisted in by some fidler or other.

Heart. You pay the fiddlers (as you call them) a very great compliment.

Worm. Did I—I'm sorry for it—I did not mean it—were I to pay 'em—crabstick's the word.

Heart. For shame, Mr. Wormwood!—Let me ask you a question; would you chuse that your country should be excell'd in any thing by your neighbours?

Worm. In manufactures—no—from the casting of cannon, to the making of pins; from the weaving of velvets, to the making of hop-sacks; but your capering and quavering only spoil us, and make *us* the jests, who *shou'd* be the terrors of Europe.

Heart. But English music, Mr. Wormwood—

Worm. English music, or any music, enervates the body, weakens the mind, and lessens the courage.

Heart. Quite the contrary.

Worm. Prove that, and I'll learn the Gamut immediately; nay, bespeak me a pair of pumps, and make one at the dancing academy for grown gentlemen.

Heart. Let us suppose an invasion!

Worm. Ha, ha, ha!—an invasion! music and an invasion!—they are well coupl'd truly!

Heart. Patience, Sir—I say, let us suppose ten thousand French landed.

Worm. I had rather suppose 'em at the bottom of the sea.

Heart. So had I—but that ten thousand are upon the coast.

Worm. The devil they are?—What then?

Heart. Why then, I say, let but *Britons strike home*, or *God save the king*, be sounded in the ears of five thousand brave Englishmen, with a protestant prince at the head of 'em, and they'll drive every monsieur into the sea, and make 'em food for sprats and mackrel.

Worm. Huzza!—and so they will!—'egad you're in the right—I'll say no more—*Britons strike home!*—You have warm'd me and pleas'd me—nay, you have converted me—I'll get a place in the house, and be as hearty as the best of 'em for the music of Old England!—sprats and mackrel!—ha, ha, ha! that's good!—excellent! I thank you for it—music for ever—*Britons strike home! God save the king!*

Heart. The last thing I have to say will touch you as nearly, Mr. Wormwood—

Worm. You have touch'd me enough already—say no more—I am satisfy'd—I shall never forget sprats and mackrel.

Heart. We may boast, sincerely boast, of many excellent English composers; and would not you permit your countrymen to have the same encouragement as foreigners?

Worm. Encouragement! why I'll encourage 'em myself, man.

Heart. Where can they shew their talents, unless upon the English stages?—and, if the managers of them will not give up a few nights to encourage English music, our musical countrymen, Mr. Wormwood, would be of the number of those persons of merit, who are undeservedly neglected in this kingdom.

Worm. But they shan't—I'll support 'em—I'll never more hearken to your club-speeches, and your dissertations, and news-paper essays.—I see my error—but I'll make amends—Let us meet after it is over, and take a bottle to sprats and mackrel, eh, master Heartly, at the Shakespear—I'll be with you—*Britons strike home.* [Exit singing.

Heart. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Wormwood is now as much too violent in his zeal, as he was before in his prejudice.—We expect not, Ladies and Gentlemen, that this night's performance should meet with success, merely because it is *English*. You would be as incapable

incapable of conceiving, as we of urging, such false and contracted notions; yet, on the other hand, let not our musical brethern be cast off, because fashion, caprice, or manners, too refin'd, may have given you prejudices against them.

Music is the younger sister of poetry, and can boast her charms and accomplishments——suffer not the younger then to be turned out of doors, while the elder is so warmly and deservedly cherished.

If worthy, you'll protect her, tho' distrest,
'Tis the known maxim of a British breast,
Those to befriend the most, who're most oppress. }

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES's MAGAZINE.

— *Movet cornicula risum*
Furtivis mudata coloribus.

HOR.

MODERN Poets have been frequently detected, not only in borrowing particular sentiments and expressions, but in transcribing whole sentences in the very words of their brethren into their own works, without the least mention to whom they are indebted: and this kind of pilfering has justly been stigmatized by the odious appellation of plagiarism. We should, indeed, in this point, be cautious of pronouncing at once against an author's reputation, as a similar way of thinking may naturally produce a similarity of expression: but where the theft is so glaring, that this similitude could not possibly be the effect of mere chance, nor have happened otherwise than from mean copying, 'tis a justice that we owe to the character of the plundered, to proclaim the plagiarism openly to the whole world.

If this practice can admit of the least shadow of excuse in any one, it may in Mr. *Dryden*, whose necessities,

cessities, we know, obliged him to descend to such meannesses, as his genius would otherwise have disdained : but when I observe him so servilely copying of *Milton*, I am apt to suspect that his pride, or his envy, would not suffer him to confess it. He has transcribed many whole passages of the *Samson Agonistes* into his *Aureng-Zebe*, allowing for the difference between blank verse and rhyme. Yet in the preface to his tragedy, we do not find that ingenuous acknowledgment as might be expected, and was incumbent on him to make. I shall set down those passages, which immediately occurred to me in the reading.

In *Milton's* tragedy, you have the following beautiful lines in *Samson's* reply to *Delilah*.

Out, out Hyæna ; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman, false like thee ;
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then *as repentant* to submit, beseech,
And *reconciliation* move with feign'd remorse ;
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail :
Then with more cautious and instructive skill,
Again transgresses, and again submits.

Dryden has thus abridged them in his *Aureng-Zebe*.

To so perverse a sex all grace is vain ;
It gives them courage to offend again ;
For with feign'd tears they penitence pretend,
Again are pardon'd, and again offend ;
Fathom our pity, when they seem to grieve,
Only to try how far we can forgive.

Again in the same play, *Dryden* says,
Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my pray'rs
As seas and winds to sinking mariners :
But seas grow calm, and winds are reconcil'd :
Her tyrant beauty never grows more mild.

And

And this is directly transcribed from *Milton's* tragedy,
 I see thou art implacable ; *more deaf*
To pray'rs than winds and seas ; yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages
 Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.

Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, makes *Adam* thus speak
 of God's formation of woman ;

———— *At least on her bestow'd*
Too much of ornament ; in outward shew
Elaborate ; of inward, less exact.

And in *Samson Agonistes* the Chorus passes this severe
 censure on the whole sex :

Is it, for that such *outward ornament*
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that *inward gifts*
Were left for haste unfinish'd ; judgment scant ;
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to *affect the wrong ?*
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing or not long ?

Can we doubt of the origin of the following lines in
Aureng-Zebe ?

Ah sex, invented first to damn mankind !
 Nature took care to dress you up for sin ;
Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left, within.
 Hence by no judgment you your loves direct,
 Talk much, ne'er think, and still *the worst affect :*
So much self-love's in your composure mix'd,
That love to others still remains unfix'd.

These passages, which I have already set down, are
 sufficient to shew, that *Dryden* has been rather too free
 with his rival : but there are many others, too short,
 indeed, to engage our notice by themselves, though
 they can hardly escape the censure of plagiarism, when
 joined

joined to such striking instances. Thus, in *Aureng-Zebe*,

———— I from this hour
Assume the right of man's despotic pow'r.
 Man is by nature form'd your sex's head.

Which is palpably taken from *Samson Agonistes*.
 Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the *man despotic pow'r*
 Over his female in due awe ;
Nor from that right to part an hour.

I may perhaps appear too minute in my observations,
 when I place this line of *Dryden's* tragedy :

That present service, which you vaunt, afford —

In comparison with the following from *Milton's* ;
Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou would'st. —

But the sameness of the expression, as well as of the
 thought, plainly point out the imitation in the following :

AURENG-ZEBE.

Quite otherwise my mind foretells my fate :
Short is my life —
These thoughts are but your melancholy's food.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest. —
Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From humours black.

Nor can it be doubted but that *Milton's* simile,
 ————— *with head declin'd,*
 Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
 Gave *Dryden* the hint of his :

Your head declin'd (as hiding grief from view)
Droops like a rose surcharg'd with morning dew.

In this same play, *Dryden* somewhere calls wives
 “ *cleaving mischiefs ;*” an expression no where made use
 of, as I remember, but in *Milton's* tragedy.